

## Oxford County Advertiser.

VOL. 58. NEW SERIES XV.

NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1884.

NO. 16.

One Square (12 lines, 1 inch space) 1 week, \$1.00  
Each continuation, 50 cents.  
One Square, (one inch of space) per year, 7.00  
Cards of thanks, obituary notices, resolutions, etc., 81 each, on 5 cents per line. Legal advertising inserted at the established rate.  
A liberal discount by the column or year.

Of every kind and form neatly and promptly done at this office at the Lowest Prices.

1 inch space) 1 week, \$1.00  
Each continuation, 50 cents.  
1 inch space) per year, 7.00  
Obituary notices, resolutions, etc., 81 each, on 5 cents per line. Legal advertising inserted at the established rate.  
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Done neatly and promptly at the Lowest Prices.

## POETRY.

(From the Democrat.)

Paris Jail.

BY MISS GERTRUDE WHITMAN.  
Outraged that the sunset sky  
The granite walls appearing  
Like some stern sentinel of night,  
Grave and gloomy and silent,  
Lifting the voice, in stern demand,  
That justice may be done,  
The captive, trembling form,  
If only cold lips could only speak;  
Of that blood the granite's hand  
And flushed the bearded cheek.  
What tears of anguish and despair,  
On the cold bottom sheet,  
The wretched curve, which wrunged alike,  
The living and the dead.  
The night of restless agony,  
The days of brooding woe,  
Of those who could not see the way  
But standing there, and there, and dark,  
Guarding the secrets well,  
The wretched, the granite heart,  
That will never, never tell.

## MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

The Governor's Wife.

"Sakes alive, Caleb Morton! Brought home two people to eat us out of house and home, and you in debt already up to the crown of your head, as a body might say! Well if ever I heard the like! When you get the roof off from over our heads, perhaps you'll be happy! We shall have to come to wait through your doings! Now, you just mark my words!"

The speaker was a little, thick-set woman with a hard, wrinkled face, thin, tightly shut lips, and two floor little light blue eyes that glared with all the sharpness of an angry hawk's glance, first upon the stout, comfortable-looking, white-headed farmer, who was shifting uneasily from one foot to the other in front of his own door, and then at the pale scared countenance of a delicate woman and child who sat in the wagon from which he had dismounted.

Such a pleasant looking home it had been to those weary wayfarers before its mistress appeared.

A square, old-fashioned farm-house, gray with the storms of sixty years or more, but with a broad, flat door-stone and an open door over-hung with lilac blossoms—a door that led straight to the nearest of kitchens, where long rows of gleaming tin, in a corner cupboard, shone like silver as the evening fire blazed upward from the open hearth.

But Mrs. Morton spoiled it all. Harsh, sour, withered, miserly visage, and her sharp, hard voice made the poor woman who had come to seek her charity shudder and grow sick at heart.

"Don't mind us, sir. We will go back and sit beside the road where you took us up," she said faintly to the farmer. "I am not a beggar, and my child must never be one. Let us go, sir. We would rather starve than stay where we are not welcome."

She reached forward to touch the farmer on the shoulder, but even that effort was too much for her wasted strength.

She sank forward, and would have fallen under the horses' feet if the farmer, warned by a cry from the little girl, had not turned and caught her in his arms.

"Well, I'm sure!" began Mrs. Morton spitefully, to the child, whose great blue eyes were fixed upon her with a look of fear and dislike. "You mark looks quite free for a stranger?"

"For shame, Sarah," said her husband, severely. "At least we have enough for the present and the future must take care of itself. Folks are not going to perish to death, right here at my door when I can prevent it."

"There's the poor-house for such as her," said Mrs. Morton, victoriously. "A look from her husband silenced her at last. He bore the fainting woman and laid her down in the spare room. "On my best bed," Mrs. Morton used to say indignantly for many a month thereafter. With his own hands the kind old man carried in a plentiful supper and breakfast to the wanderers. And when, after the next morning's meal, the poor woman bade him adieu, and with grateful tears prayed that God might bless him, he patted her on the head encouragingly and slipped a five dollar bill into her hand.

"Take that, my dear, for you and the little one to live on, till you get stronger," he said. "Now don't cry over it, my dear, but keep a good heart and heaven will send you friends as you journey along. Good-by for this time. Will you give an old man a kiss?"

"Yes, I will," said the child, springing into his outstretched arms and pressing her lips upon his withered cheek; "and when I am a great large woman, I'll pay you back for being so kind to my mother. Why, she would have died if you hadn't taken her in last night. And then I should have died, too!"

Tears were in the farmer's eyes as he stood looking after his late guests; but his heart was warm with the consciousness of a good action performed, and a benefit conferred.

"You might as well hang a sign out, and say that we keep a tavern for every stranger that comes along," remarked Mrs. Morton from the door. "If I do wish, Caleb, you'd stop doing so. You won't end till we are both in the poor-house, and then you'll be easy!"

"If I am going to the poor-house for helping a starving woman and child, go I must, Sarah," said her husband, quietly.

"And go you will, mark my word," replied Mrs. Morton in a fury, shutting the house door with a bang, that made

every milkpail and cup and saucer ring and rattle again.

Ten years passed on. And it began to look as if Mrs. Morton had indeed been too true as a prophet when she foretold ruin for her husband and the almshouse for both of them.

In an evil day Caleb Morton signed a note for a poor and struggling neighbor, who died just as the time of payment drew near.

Nothing was left, except a scanty provision for the widow and orphans. Caleb would have starved before claiming that from them, even if he could do so legally.

Their homestead, already mortgaged must go to pay the debt, and he was ten years older, broken down by hard work, and beaten down just now by his wife's tongue, when he ceased repeating, "Didn't I tell you so?" till his poor heart was fit to break.

"I did wrong. I see it now. I am sorry for it. But do not blame me, Sarah," he said sadly. "God knows I meant to do right, and to do my best for you. And I will go to the city and see this rich man that holds the note. He is a lawyer, and they have just made him Governor of this State. He will need the money, and may be he will agree to some arrangement, so I can pay it off by degrees and not sell our home."

"That's the first sensible word you've said about the business," cried Mrs. Morton. "And she bestowed herself so effectually to get him off at once, that at ten o'clock the next morning he was ringing at the door of the beautiful mansion in which the new-made Governor had just taken up his residence.

He was admitted by a servant, who was rushing out on an errand in hot haste.

The household staff was not yet organized. There was no one in the hall to receive him. He wandered on, wondering at the tall, marble pillars, and the floor of tasseled marble, till he came to the Gothic library where the Governor was sitting, in company with his beautiful six months' bride.

The old man glanced at the rich carpet, the velvet and rosewood chairs, the tall vases, the gilded pictures upon the walls, through the half open door. Then his eyes fell upon a portrait that hung in a place of honor above the fireplace, and he stood still.

A sweet pale spiritual face, with waving, silvery hair brushed back from the forehead, and a look of peaceful benediction beaming from her eyes.

"I ought to know her well," mused the old man. "And I know now—it is the poor old lady who came to my house one evening, with the pretty little child. It looks as if all their troubles must be over, if they live in a house like this."

In the library at the same moment, a pair of beautiful blue eyes were lifted to that portrait, and tears dimmed their light—tears that the lips of a lover had soon kissed away.

"If the picture makes you sad, Lucy, it must be moved to one of the upper rooms," said the Governor. "I never wish to see a cloud upon your face again."

"No cloud will ever come there through you, George," replied his young wife. "I am not unhappy when I look at her, and I like to have the picture there, because it is in this room that we shall be happiest together. I was only thinking how sad it was that she could not have lived to share with us this beautiful home."

"Your mother did not care to live longer, Lucy," said the Governor, after a pause. "She told me so herself, after she had found your Uncle Estabrook, and persuaded him to do justice to you before he died. She remained until she saw you, my wife, and knew how tenderly I would care for you. Then I think she was really glad to go. Her heart was in your father's grave."

"Yes; and then she suffered so, in that dreadful time after his death, when we had no money, and no home," replied his wife, with tears in her voice, though none fell from her eyes. "You can never imagine how she was humiliated and beaten down into the very dust. One night—oh, how well I remember it—she would certainly have died if it had not been for a kind old farmer, who took us to his house, although his cross wife objected, and actually called mother a pauper in her anger. Some day, George, when you are not very busy, I wish you would go with me to see that kind old man, and thank him in my mother's name."

"Very well, my dear. Now will you go with me to give your orders about the furnishing of the upper rooms?"

They went out into the hall. There stood the farmer, tiring his hat about in his hands, and looking like a man dazed.

"Why, here is my friend, my mother's friend!" exclaimed the Governor's wife, dropping her husband's arm, and running up to the old man, with both hands outstretched to greet him. "Do not you remember me, sir? I am the little girl you sheltered in your pleasant home. If you had not been so good to us, I might have lost my mother then."

"I remember, miss—ma'am," stammered the farmer, turning crimson all over his honest face.

"And did you come to see me, or my husband?" asked Lucy, with a proud, fond glance at the Governor.

"It was him, ma'am—the gentleman that holds the note and the mortgage on our home. It has been foreclosed, and I must lose it now to pay this debt. I would not have dared to come here, ma'am, on such an errand, only it is life and death to me and to my wife. We are getting old now, and I have not saved anything, and I don't know where we could find another home. If more time could be given me, I could pay off the note and the mortgage by degrees. But I cannot do it now. If I am pressed for it, the house must go."

"How came you to sign a note for another man, when your own property was encumbered?" asked the Governor, as his wife drew the papers from the hands of the farmer, and placed them in his own.

"I suppose I oughtn't to have done it, that's a fact, sir. But you see, sir, neighbor Russell and I were boys at school together, and he was a poor, struggling man, with a lot of little children. There was only Sarah and me at the old homestead, and I thought we could risk it better than he could. If he had lived he would have paid me back, honest, every cent. But what could be done if the Lord saw fit to take him? It is all unfortunate, and I acted for what I thought was best at the time."

"George, for my mother's sake, you will not let him lose the home that he has risked to help another," said the Governor's wife imploringly.

He smiled, and then they both turned and looked at the portrait, that seemed to follow them with its sweet, sad eyes. "This business is in the hands of my country agent, and I knew nothing of it until now," he observed. "Invite your old friend to stay and take an early dinner with us, Lucy, and I will settle this affair."

At 8 o'clock that evening Caleb Morton reached his farm, an altered and a happy man.

Never had the old place seemed so dear to him as now, and he gazed around the fertile fields and at the old things that were his, as we gaze at the things that we love, when they have been nearly lost to us, and then by a merciful interposition of Providence restored.

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His wife met him at the door, eager-faced and sharp of tongue as ever.

"It is the cup of cold water that the Bible speaks of—it is the blessing that follows after the giving," said the old man solemnly, as he finished the story of his day. "The note was destroyed by the Governor's wife, the mortgage was canceled, and this is our home once more, free from the least encumbrance of debt. But if I had refused shelter to that poor lady and her child ten years ago, where should we be this night?"

"Where, indeed?" thought Mrs. Morton, silenced for once in her self-praising.

Now, if you happen to go there Mrs. Morton will show you with great pride the best room and the best bed—"on which the mother of Governor Gerald's wife slept the night that she staid with us—she and the pretty little girl who is now Governor Gerald's wife."

A Legend of Chocoma.

BY GEORGE SANBORN HOYT.

Go with me in imagination to this grand old mountain, and you will behold a view which will rival any Swiss scene for beauty and sublimity. At its base lies a beautiful lake whose bosom sunset loves to clothe with her Trian drapery. Her waters clear as crystal reveal their flung inhabitants starting many fathoms below the surface. Her shores are lined with the tall pines which never as yet felt the woodman's ax, and in the background that high rugged mountain completes the picture. As you will behold spread before your vision a scene which will amply repay you for your arduous labor.

On every side is displayed the wonderful and grand. The beautiful intervals of North Conway (which have just been styled the "Paradise of New England") spreads their green robes over the fair face of nature. To the left looms the White Mountains—blue misty yet boldly outlined Mt. Washington rears his giant throne amid his giant brothers and supporters. Their desolate peaks seem as if they were to almost pierce the heavens. A stand shuddering on the verge of an abyss of impenetrable darkness; down its precipitous side grows no living, creeping vine. These deep caverns never rang to the footfalls of man. The Omnipotent one alone knows their secrets.

There is a strange old legend of Chocoma. On the night of the 30th of June, it is said, the watcher as he looks forth on that lone peak, can see an Indian spirit spring up from out that abyss, walk forth into night and leap from cliff to cliff, as the moon sends her broken rays across the summit; and almost fancy he can hear the spirit borne on the wings of the wind, together with a long, mournful howl of a spectral dog, as he follows his master down the abyss.

In this region dwelt a tribe of Indians led by a brave and fearless chief named Chocoma. He was a man of uncommon strength of body, a mind which education and motives would have moved with giant strength, lay as a slumbering power waiting to be called into action. At length the

required time came. It was the same old story of Indian wrongs and retaliations. Chocoma resolved to rid the land of his fathers from the white man, and well did he act his part. He urged his followers to a wild revenge, telling them the Great Spirit had made him a prophet to guide them on to victory.

Many and bloody were the fights led by Chocoma against the settlers; oft defeated yet never conquered, he would again return to the fray encouraging his followers by his fierce war-cry and holding his warriors out off by the merciless white man.

A party was at last formed under Cornelius Campbell, a renowned hunter and Indian fighter, for the purpose of exterminating the remnant of the tribe. All the annals of civilized warfare do not furnish a parallel to this for cold blooded butchery. Neither age or sex were spared, but their mangled bodies were thrown into the flames of their burning dwellings. Chocoma alone escaped, but the party resolved to hunt him as a wild beast to his lair. Knowing he could not long survive, his family all murdered; his last retreat cut off; he resolved to perish on the summit of that mountain he loved so well. Mothinks I see him as he slowly and sadly climbs the sides of that rugged mountain for the last time. No wonder he wept, even like David of old, as his thoughts wandered to the graves of his fathers, never more to be visited by any of his people. His only faithful friend and companion was a faithful dog, and as he stooped to give him a caress, a feeling which surprised speech, a feeling of dumb, silent despair stole into his heart until it broke forth into an articulate wail which haunts the dark regions of that mountain even to the present day. Chocoma had scarce reached the top when he was overtaken by Campbell. They stood face to face for a moment, then each cast a glance to that yawning chasm, then one look toward heaven—and the moon shedding her silvery light on a scene so wild and terrible. By natural consent as it were, each threw down his weapons and prepared for a mortal combat, knowing that he who conquered would hurl his enemy into eternity. The struggle was long and desperate, but the Indian's muscles could no longer endure the fearful strain and he was forced to the earth. The hunter paused to gather renewed strength, he hurled his foe over the edge. Chocoma knew that his time had come, but resolved to meet it as a brave man, a chief, worthy of his people. With a voice, worthy of his people, he uttered a cry that the deep tones thrilled his antagonist to the heart he spoke these words:

"White man thou hast conquered. By thy superior strength thou hast wrest this fair land from the Indians, but it shall never do ye good. A withering blight shall be your harvest. These mineral springs shall lend a deadly poison to your flocks and herds which shall drink of their waters. A curse upon ye! May the Great Spirit curse ye! Chocoma goes to his fathers!"

His course rose on the mountain which bears his name, and upon all this fair land. White man thou and thine art doomed!"

The hunter hurled him over the edge, a full fifty fathoms headlong down. With a long mournful howl, as it were, the last dig of the old Sagamore, the faithful dog followed his master even to death. Ever after in his dreams at midnight could the hunter fancy he could hear the wild yell and derisive laugh ringing in his ears together with the mournful howl of that Indian dog as he followed his master to his doom.

Their bones have long since crumbled in those silent caverns. Their only monument, that mountain which stands there in all the awful desolation of nature, with a thousand desolate peaks around him; gorges beneath which the voice of thunder crashes; while the untamed spirit of the old Sagamore rears in the awful war of the elements, as in the solemn silence of moonlight nights sing their songs of freedom on his Olympian heights.

Sandwich, N. H.

## Common Sense and Hygiene.

Said a friend, whose vacation in the country had been cut short by a case of diphtheria manifested due to foul surroundings, "I should think common-sense would teach men the danger of such things."

Think of the common-sense of India in hygiene, where the very filth is allowed to embody itself in a pestilence which every decade sweeps round the globe.

Think of the common-sense of our British ancestors, when rotten straw within the house, and narrow, dark and damp streets with open gutters perpetually flowing, made the Plague a fixed inhabitant for over seventy years, that at length, some more than two centuries ago, became famous in history as the Great Plague by its devastating fury.

Think of the common-sense even of our own fathers, who filled the land with cesspools, with not a thought of the wells into which their contents leaked; and their cellars with all sorts of decaying vegetables; and who looked on all contagious epidemics simply

as visitations from God for sin, without once suspecting that it was for the sin of transgressing that divine law which demands purity of water and air, as well as of heart.

Take this case—a beautiful residence, with its natural hygiene perfect; its owner and occupant, the learned President of a literary institution; the only access to its cellar, a door from the central hall, and the cellar stored with the winter's supply of potatoes and of vegetables generally; at some distance cesspools, and stables for horses and cows, and a long passage, covered on every side, fully connecting them with the dwelling, and ensuring a free flow of miasm to the latter, and—the venerable president sick with typhoid fever.

Take another case—a clergyman's house, stable, pig-stye and vaults practically under one roof; a child dies of diphtheria and the father of typhoid fever.

Neither of these cases date back forty years; in both the men were far above the average for intelligence.

Think of people going into the country or to the mountains for pure air and then sleeping in close rooms.

The fact is, it is only within a few years that men have begun to study and apply the laws of hygiene. The results of this study must be the improvement in health of all civilized nations.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Mrs. Patti on Kissing.



On our outside we have a poem on "The Fall of the Leaf" written by Mrs. D. Whitman of Blackfield. It is a very pretty piece. Mrs. Whitman usually makes good verses.

On our fourth page to-day will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of various kinds of baking powders now in the market.

Our columns are always open for the discussion of any matters except politics. Communications solicited. Local sketches, anecdotes, biographies, news, etc., always wanted.

Peterson's Magazine for May has arrived with its usual entertaining stories. The fascinations of spring are particularly interesting at this time. There are also pretty patterns for fancy work. Josiah Allen's wife has in this number the opening chapters of a serial story. "Her First Home" continues with increasing interest.

Baldwin's Monthly Magazine for May opens with an illustrated article on "Lace and Lace Making," then follows the "Lace and Lace" by William H. Thomas. This narrative continues to grow in interest and fun as it proceeds. There is a fine and interesting story by Mr. Leon Maud, a rising young literary gentleman connected with the Boston Globe. \$1.50 per year or 15 cents for single copies. 33 Haverly Street, Boston.

At the town meeting Saturday Mr. Alden Chase was elected moderator. The town voted that the selectmen should be a committee to repair the school mill, and that they be authorized to hire money for that purpose if necessary. Work will be commenced on the building as soon as possible.

Mrs. Harry Estes is to teach the primary department of the village school this summer. She is an experienced teacher and we predict a good term.

Stephen C. Davis has been elected school agent in district No. 3. W. H. Persons in district No. 18 and Henry Russ in district No. 5.

E. H. Cole has gone to Locke's Mills to work for the Tibbets Manufacturing Co. Our bachelor friend, J. B. Lurvey, has recently purchased ten cows. He should now trade for a milkmaid.

Frank E. and Ira J. Wood received a hay pressing machine from Auburn on Monday, and have commenced pressing their hay, of which they have about fifty tons.

Miss Addie K. Shattuck has gone to Canaan, Mass., a few weeks visiting her grandmother, Kinsley, cousins and friends.

James Packard of Greenwood has bought the Gorham farm and will move on to it in a few days. It makes three times the place his father had hands in a year. I understand his son Albert is to live with him making a family of six.

Isaac Hussey came here many years ago and engaged in the jewelry business, and married Miss Abby Hall of this place. She died with consumption a few years since, since which event he has been traveling from place to place, occasionally appearing here for a stay of a few weeks or months, and suddenly disappearing again, never living long with consumption at the house of his son in South Boston.

Herbert E. Kilgore has arrived home from Skowhegan where he has been at work in the shoe factory.

The widow of James Hammon is very sick.

George R. Hussey lost a valuable cow last week.

Mr. Charles H. Felt is engaged to paint Mrs. Libby's buildings outside.

Webster Ebbidge and wife are to take charge of the Bethel poor farm this year.

Mr. Abram Bryant has taken Mr. Ebbidge's place to carry on.

Miss Mary Cross is very sick at H. C. Gerry's house.

Howe Hill and wife is visiting friends on Norway shoe factory next week.

CASCO.

At a school meeting in Dist. No. 6 chosen Peter Jordan chairman, James N. Eastman clerk, Solomon M. Gay agent. Peter Jordan was paid at \$5.00 per cord. Mr. S. Eastman bought wood in summer \$1.70, winter \$2.25 per week.

Miss Annie Lakin of Harrison, is visiting at L. W. Holden's.

Mark L. Leach is doing fine business trading in oxen and cows. Barrows cows a specialty.

Among the guests at the Eastman home the past week, we note, Charles E. Odion, Gorham; Mr. Libby Edwards and wife, Worcester; Mr. Libby Edwards, Frank L. Taylor, Needham Mass.; Prof. San Brown, Portland, Me.; B. F. Davis, Portland Me.; John Bartlett, Wells Mills, Excot.

LOVELL.

Roads are rough and muddy but there are less snow drifts than usual at this season of the year.

RUMFORD CENTRE.

Although we have been silent for some time, yet we have lived and prospered, each in his own way. The Advertiser has reached us weekly and is a very welcome guest. We would recommend it to every one who desires a straight-forward, truly independent County paper. The independent Advertiser is a very pretty piece. Mrs. Whitman usually makes good verses.

On our fourth page to-day will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of various kinds of baking powders now in the market.

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Oxford County Teachers' Association.

The Oxford school house in which the association met is a fine new building, newly painted a dark drab color. It stands in a short distance from the road and has a nice level yard in front. The building is a two-story structure, the lower story of the school house is divided into two rooms for the use of the primary and intermediate schools. The whole upper story is in one room for the grammar school, and is sometimes used as a public hall, being the only hall in the village. The building is adorned with pretty pictures in tasteful and attractive manner.

State Superintendent Luce, a man of most genial appearance, W. M. Brooks, T. Whitman, Dr. A. L. Hersey, C. S. Cummings and about twenty others are present. Vice President Brooks called the meeting to order and the President Johnson was absent, C. F. Whitman was made chairman for the time.

W. M. Brooks, who has taught fifty-seven terms of school, opened the meeting with a most interesting paper on "The School Teacher's Life." (1) Nature and position of the school teacher; (2) Giving of the school teacher's life; (3) The school teacher's life; (4) The school teacher's life; (5) The school teacher's life; (6) The school teacher's life; (7) The school teacher's life; (8) The school teacher's life; (9) The school teacher's life; (10) The school teacher's life; (11) The school teacher's life; (12) The school teacher's life; (13) The school teacher's life; (14) The school teacher's life; (15) The school teacher's life; (16) The school teacher's life; (17) The school teacher's life; (18) The school teacher's life; (19) The school teacher's life; (20) The school teacher's life; (21) The school teacher's life; (22) The school teacher's life; (23) The school teacher's life; (24) The school teacher's life; (25) The school teacher's life; (26) The school teacher's life; (27) The school teacher's life; (28) The school teacher's life; (29) The school teacher's life; (30) The school teacher's life; (31) The school teacher's life; 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# GENERAL NEWS.

Friday afternoon Thomas Samuel, the Laconia, N. H. murderer, was sentenced to be hanged April 17th, 1885.

Christian Seibert has been sentenced to three months imprisonment for attempted suicide, at Kingston, N. Y.

Charles Reade, the novelist, died in London April 11th. He was born in Ipsden, Oxfordshire, England, in 1814.

Friday the first crop of grass was cut in the State House yard, Washington. It was first high enough to wave in the breeze.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has extended the franchise in municipal elections to widows and unmarried women.

Six negroes of eleven in a boat were drowned recently by the upsetting of their skiff while crossing the Mississippi River near Vicksburg.

Holmes and Brecken, the Americans charged at Halifax, N. S., with having dynamite in their possession were found guilty and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Saturday morning the body of an unknown woman was found in a bag at the mouth of the Saco river, Biddeford. It had apparently been in the water twenty-four hours.

The Sheriff has issued a capias for the arrest of Clara B. Meek, in a civil suit brought by Mrs. W. H. Griffiths, the wife of Geo. C. Griffiths, to recover \$100,000 damages for the alienation of her husband's affection.

A paper in Minnesota starts out with "Our platform is the abolition of poverty, ignorance, meanness, drunkenness, injustice, perversion of law, oppression and evil." Its success is looked for with feverish excitement.

James Gould, formerly of Maine, now of California, has had two very lucrative offers, one of \$7,000 a year in a gold mine in Brazil, the other as overseer in the Rothschild gold mine in South Africa, at \$1500 per month.

An aged couple named Fleetwood, living near Baridun, Col. Co. Ill., were found dead in bed, Wednesday morning with their throats cut. There is no clue to the murderer, and no motive for the crime is known.

It is said that the water power company controlling the Rangely Lakes storage reservoirs have so enlarged the outlet that Rangely Lake can be drawn down five feet below the usual low water mark, thus laying bare the spawning beds of the famed trout of that section.

The list of miscellaneous expenses of the star route trials transmitted by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Senate aggregates \$39,836. The money was expended mainly for stenographers, detectives and persons engaged in securing the attendance of witnesses.

It is reported from Mechanic Falls that Tuesday night witnessed an affray at Page's Mills. Weekly dances have been held at which some of the boys were present from the village and probably had whiskey at the bottom of the affair. Several pools of blood on the sidewalk, next morning, told the story.

Marshall Bailey of Bath received this week a photograph and description of Chas. W. Butler, a murderer, who broke jail at Columbia City, Indiana, March 15. He was convicted for murdering his wife. \$200 reward is offered by the sheriff of Columbia City for his arrest.

Thursday night, when the help came from J. O. Wilson & Co's shop, Nat. K. Mace, who were struck over Wednesday, they were hoisted at by a large crowd of workmen, and one of the employees, a Frenchman, was knocked down and badly injured. It is stated that the employees in Wilson's shop will all leave.

The Chilean Minister to France, April 10th, received an official dispatch announcing the signature of a treaty of peace between Chile and Bolivia in accordance with which the Bolivian territory occupied by Chileans is to remain under Chilean law, and trade between Chile and Bolivia is to be free.

Eugene M. Pinkham, who was found at Reed's Plantation last winter with both feet so badly frozen that amputation was necessary, has recently returned to his home in North Arlington, Mass. He is a shoemaker by trade, his parents are poor, and he is of weak mind. It is said the expense, which amounts already to \$800, will have to be settled by the State.

The Minister of Justice, at Ottawa, April 10, informed Premier Smith of British Columbia, who is at present in Ottawa, that the bill recently passed by the British Columbia legislature prohibiting the immigration of Chinese to that province was disallowed. In consequence of this action it is expected that a shipload of Chinese will be allowed to land.

No tidings have been received from absconding cashier Hubbard, from Mommouth, Ill. The aggregate of his defalcations is thought to be over \$50,000. Complaints state that Hubbard embezzled money to the amount of \$115,800. It is not yet known whether the bank will resume.

Cook's block, at Athol, Mass., was burned at 10 o'clock, Wednesday morning. Loss, \$20,000; insurance, \$5,000. The lower floor was occupied by the owner, Geo. H. Cook, as a drug store, and E. W. Truane & Co., tinware; the two upper stories by thirty-four roomers, mostly girls, all of whom escaped with difficulty in their night clothes.

Antonio Pismo, of New York, 25 years old, has been taken to Bellevue hospital suffering, as it was supposed, from malaria fever. A thorough examination of the case was made. It discovered symptoms of trichinosis. A piece of the muscular tissue of the arm was taken out and put under the microscope, and it was discovered that the flesh was swarming with trichinae.

The patient was in agony and was relieved only by the administration of narcotics. A small portion of the pork that he ate has been secured and under the microscope shows trichinae.

Congressman Belford of Colorado has received from Mrs. Langtry, a medallion portrait of herself inclosed in a jewel-studded case, with a request for a lock of his hair, to be placed among her mementoes of notable friends. This honor was in recognition of Mr. Belford's compliment that she was the handsomest woman who had been in the American continent. Belford's hair is of a bright auburn color.

The Governor and Council have assessed the following taxes against Maine railroads:

Grand Trunk Railway,	\$10,180.95
Maine and Piscataquis,	307.27
Bangor & Penobscot,	20,925.24
Eastern,	20,799.43
New Brunswick,	35.40
Knox & Lincoln,	1,191.37
Maine Central,	49,969.59
Portland & Orono Railroad,	504.50
Portland & Rochester,	1,884.23
Rumford Falls & Buckfield,	130.68
Sandy River Valley,	57.45
Somerset,	94.93
St. Croix & Penobscot,	78.36
Orchard Beach,	11.83
New Brunswick,	105.34
Lewiston & Auburn Horse,	28.82
Old Orchard Junction,	255.00
Green Mountain,	137.19
Bangor & Katahdin,	54.46
Bridgton & Saco River,	51.28

## WORDS TO WOMEN.

The new spring bonnets are very lovely, but they are also very small. They are of the capote shape, and fit the head closely.

The later styles of hats are rather wild in aspect; for though the brim is narrower, the crown is usually of proportions height. These come in colored velvets and with velvet trims and flowers, and sometimes with immensity long ostrich-plumes. The velvet trimmings generally match the color of the straw, some contrasting hue being introduced amongst the flowers or fruits, that adorn the hat.

In jewelry, the lace-pin is going out of fashion, owing to the fact that ruffles and bows of lace are so much less worn than formerly. It is to be replaced by the small round brooch.

Neckties of colored lace or gauze, spotted with cheville, are much worn, matching the dress. With a hat, they are tied in a bow under the chin; but with a bonnet, loosely knotted to one side, and fastened with a fancy pin or brooch. Two pieces of tolerably wide edging lace, sewed together, make the requisite width.

There are some few facts which must be borne in mind by those having dresses made up now: The skirt should fall straight and flat in front; either a small tunic must be worn, or the back-drapery should be sufficiently pulled to give the skirt below the waist a bouffant appearance; all sleeves should be put in high on the shoulders, making the shoulder-seams quite short, and many persons think that there is no style if the sleeve is not put in at the top, to stand up above the shoulder—this certainly gives a narrower appearance to a broad-chested woman, but is not so becoming to a very thin one; dresses are made quite high at the neck, at the back, to accommodate the hair, which is now worn so generally high. These few hints followed, dresses may be made as fancy dictates; much or little trimmed, in straight-falling or in curved lines, of large or small figured materials, or of plain goods, of one or two colors, or of one or two materials, open or closed at the neck—*Peterson's.*

Collar buttons of old silver, with designs of antique heads, are made to match the collar pins and bracelets now in use.

The legs and backs of many of the handsomest ebony chairs are now adorned with bows of broad, pale-blue or olive green ribbon.

Soft, wide ribbon looks well for ties. It is tied around the throat in a large bow and with very short ends. Just now it seems to have taken the place of gauze or lace.

A new design in satine represents a large gray water upon the black ground, with delicate half-white flowers, and upon the waters.

Little boys' trousers come just below the knee, their jackets and large waistcoats fall low over these, and all three are of the same color.

Corsages of black satin covered with long jet bugles are worn in Paris, making the wearers look as if encased in black diamonds.

While pique collars for ladies are now made in all the shapes that are fashionable for linen collars, but those in the high close garrot shape are preferred; these have square pique cuffs to match.

One of the novelties in millinery is the cork foundation or frame of the bonnet covered over with a thin veneering of wood. New basket straw bonnets are of fine and pliable that they are bent into soft curves and used as the smallest capotes, with a cockade bow of coquettish velvet ribbon for trimming.

English women are wearing thick triple ruffles of black, white and colored laces round the throat at home, at the theatre, etc. They are made in Chantilly and in imitation lace, in pearls and beaded net, and in blonde of all light shades, such as pink, blue, sulphur and lilac. It is not obligatory that they should match the dress; on the contrary, it is considered better style to wear a black ruche with white lace, pink with blue, and white with black. They form a fraise round the throat, but should only be adopted by slender women; those with thick, short necks are too prone to patronize large, full fraises.

Gen. Robert E. Lee had four daughters, two of whom are dead, and the others are living with their brother, who succeeded his father as President of Washington University. Neither of them ever married.

## Duties of School Supervisors or Committees.

[A paper read by Miss F. Whitman, esq., of Norway, at the spring meeting of the Oxford County Teachers' Association.]

The general duties of those having the charge of the supervision of public schools, are defined by statute and are well understood. But it is said from the highest authority, that the supervision of our schools is defective, that it does not plan and carefully watch over the work performed and is not close and critical in inspection.

Again and again we hear the question asked, "How shall school supervision be rendered more responsible and efficient?"

The answers are many. One suggests that the Committee be empowered to hire the teachers. Another that the district system be changed to the town system. A third that committees have more pay giving them more time to devote to their duties. There are others but these certainly have weight and should receive the earnest attention of all those who would see our schools improved and benefited. And yet I feel that even these would not create executive ability where there was none before. The mass of the people want to see and feel the necessity of innovations before giving their sanction to changes. Now indeed can we blame them for this. An efficient School-Board working faithfully to place our schools in better condition, generally have the confidence and support of the people. Not all changes have been beneficial. Some are always asking for larger appropriations as if that was a panacea for every evil.

Larger appropriations have often been made with no better results than before. Some few may have been benefited yet the results looked for, have not met public expectation. The people have often been disappointed, until in many cases they look for the periodical string of new-fangled notions as they call them, which they receive in silence or treat with contempt. Often has the welfare of our schools fallen badly in "the house of our friends." Is it any wonder that it is so hard to get the people to consider even the essential and best things?

If one makes the most of the opportunities within his grasp faithfully and well, he cannot fail to have influence for good. Let educators be united and work faithfully and unselfishly toward making our schools more successful and efficient and the time cannot be far distant when the things about them which we deplore will be remedied. We want to see the impracticable laid out of the recommendations of our educators. We want selflessness and jobbery discarded. We want an intelligent, thorough and an impartial investigation into the condition of our schools and their requirements and a report based on the facts.

No branch of business can be successfully carried on without constant, careful and intelligent supervision. Go to our factories. It is true there, it is so everywhere. But nowhere is it so true as in school matters. Nowhere is so much needed, and nowhere will it yield such excellent results. The work which should be done among our teachers, cannot well be dispensed with. A supervision which fails in this, is like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. While attending a Sabbath school one time I was struck with a sentiment contained in one of the prayers. It was this: "O Lord, teach our teachers." I take it up to-day. I adopt it. I call attention to it. I echo it, and I pray it fervently.

One of the most important of the duties of School Boards is the examination of teachers. This should be partly oral and partly written.

The written examination will show the candidates handwriting, punctuation, spelling, etc. It is in such shape that it may be preserved. The questions are before the applicant that they may be thoroughly understood and considered before the answers are written.

The oral examination allows a larger field and a wider range of topics, and there are other considerations, also, which will be readily understood.

The examination should be conducted with particular reference to organization of school, punishments and rewards, absenteeism or attendance, school-law, etc. We often find teachers who pass excellent examinations as examinations go, but lack in government and are deficient in the faculty of imparting instruction. The school is a failure. It requires something besides mere book-knowledge to run a school properly and successfully. It takes executive ability to teach school. The examinations ought, at least, to be such as to give the committee a thorough knowledge of the qualifications of the candidate, and none who are not fitted should receive a certificate. The necessity of frequent examinations should be kept in mind.

Among other important duties of School Boards is that of examining into the general course of instruction. It is of great importance that a school be properly organized and classified. System and order are always essential. Very much depends upon starting right. The committee ought to visit the school at the beginning and assist in organizing and classifying it. It should be visited frequently to see if the instructions are carried out, to correct mistakes at its very inception and to encourage by advice and commend for well doing, and again at the close for examination. In many cases it is necessary to visit the school often, but three times, at least, seem indispensable.

Let it not be forgotten that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The course of instruction ought to be largely of a practical nature, and should be thorough and efficient.

Supervisors should look sharply after the moral instruction which pupils ought to have. This is one of the greatest demands of the hour. I should regret when I think how little minds are poisoned—little hearts corrupted with

evil things often learned at school. It is all wrong, and yet this does not express it. It is horrible. Our schools ought to be the most attractive places on earth and the purest and best. The laws of our State require that "the presences, the preceptors and teachers of youth, in public or private institutions, shall use their best endeavors to impress on the minds of the children and youth committed to their care and instruction, the principles of morality and justice, and a sacred regard for truth; love of country, humanity, and a universal benevolence; sobriety, industry and frugality; chastity, moderation and temperance; and all other virtues, which are the ornaments of human society; and to lead those under their care, as their ages and capacities admit, into a particular understanding of the tendency of such virtues to preserve and perfect a republican constitution, and secure the blessings of liberty, and promote the glory of their country; and the tendency of the opposite vices, to slavery, degradation, and ruin." These are some of the grandest requirements of our laws relating to education.

They are sadly neglected. In educating our sons and daughters for the duties of life, it is quite as essential as anything, that they receive moral instruction. The larger part is no doubt the parent's duty, but this does not and cannot furnish an excuse for the lack of such instruction at school. Among all the cherished institutions of our land, there are none of more importance than our public schools.

I demand that they be made attractive—that our pupils be taught practically and efficiently and that the moral atmosphere surrounding them be pure and healthy.

The influence for good in a community of excellent schools cannot be too highly valued. When pupils are taught to avoid evil—to be moral and upright—little ladies and gentlemen everywhere, there can be no doubt of their future welfare and the welfare of the community in which they live.

Life then would seem to be what it was designed, an honor and a glory instead of a ruin and a shame.

**A Mother's Heart.**  
On a railroad train, just behind a plainly dressed, motherly-looking woman, accompanied by a noisy boy, sat a boy given to asking all kinds of foolish questions, and occasionally he would whine like a cat, and twist himself around and fret.

"If I had hold of him for a few minutes," said the mother, "I could stand up!" said one of the ladies.

"Here, then," replied the motherly lady; "you may take hold of him. I haven't the heart to do it."

"Excuse me," faltered the annoyed lady; "I did not think that you could hear my remark."

"Oh, no harm done! For I know that he is enough to annoy any one; and it may seem strange to you that I do not slap him, but I can't. One I had a little boy that I slapped. Every time he would ask foolish questions or whine, I'd slap him. I was determined to bring him up rightly, so that he would please everybody. He was the idol of my life, and I did so much to him that he respected. Everybody said I was a model mother, and that my son would be a great man; and I was so flattered by these remarks that I was even more strict than ever with him."

"One night, just after I put him to bed, company came; and while we were talking the little fellow awoke and began to cry. I told him to hush; and when I found that he did not intend to obey me, I went to the bed and spanked him. 'That's what I call discipline!' one of the company remarked, 'and I assure you that in after years you will not regret the strict measures you have adopted.'"

"The next morning my little boy was too sick to get up, and all day he lay in bed. At night I sent for a physician, but before morning he was dead. I don't think that there was a more miserable woman in the world. I took his little boots—boots which a few days before I whipped him for getting muddy, and I put them on my bureau. I could not bear to live in the same home where both my husband and myself had died, and I moved away."

"One evening, while walking along a lonely street, I saw a little, a very small boy, standing among some tall weeds. I asked him where he lived, and he plucked a blossom and held it out to me. I asked him where his mother and father and with curious intelligence he replied that some big men took them away in boxes. I knew then that he was a waif and I took him home with me. In the night he cried and I got up, sat by the fire and rocked him. He was very delicate but he was a light that shone on my withering soul."

"This is the child and he's wearing the little boots that I put on the bureau. You may slap him but I can't."

**THE HOUSEKEEPER.**  
Practical housekeepers throughout the country are requested to send in communications for THE HOUSEKEEPER. These goods are warranted absolutely pure and of a superior quality. Manufactured by THURSTON & BEAL, Sole Agents, 26 Melbourne St., Portland, Me. [N.B.] Don't be deceived. Ask for Thurston & Beal's.

**FOR SALE.**  
**DR. A. FOSSETT'S**  
**Botanical Water Lozenges!**  
Price 10 cents. For sale by all druggists. Manufactured by Dr. A. Fossett, 26 Melbourne St., Portland, Me.

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and dangerous malady known as "house cleaning fever." Like the latter, it attacks the female sex only. The "drug fever" does not, like the house cleaning fever, attack the patient at regular intervals, fall and spring, but it is liable to show itself at any time. The disease seems to be a sort of mania or disease of the brain.

In the earliest stages of the disease the victim exhibits an unnatural fondness for old rags, especially those of bright colors. She will wander about the house for hours, gathering up all the old rags she can find, sorting and re-sorting them, tearing or cutting them into narrow strips and piling them in little heaps about the house. At this stage of the disease the members of the family will be obliged to look out for their clothing, or it will, if not already ragged, be made rags of in short order.

As the disease progresses some violent symptoms present themselves. The unhappy victim will hunt up all the articles of clothing containing bright colors, will borrow or beg all she can of her neighbors, turn her once neat and attractive home into a disjunct, dusty, dirty place, more like a junk store than a dwelling. Next an old piece of coarse canvas is procured, covered with mysterious hieroglyphics, unknown to all but the patient, and unheard of flowers. This is stretched on a frame and attacked with hooks and shears, and the rags are all drawn into the canvas in all manner of curious shapes and forms. At this stage of the disease the patient refuses all nourishment and soon becomes exhausted. Soon the mania subsides and the patient rapidly recovers. At the present time no successful method of treatment has been discovered, although an immortal fame awaits him who will find a preventative or cure for this disease.

*—Canton Telephone.*

**Martha Washington's Garret.**  
In an account of a visit to Mt. Vernon Joaquin Miller says: Let no one hereafter complain of having to live in a garret alone and without a fire. For here, with all this spacious and noble house to select from, the widow of Washington chose a garret looking to the south and out upon his tomb. This is the old tomb where he was first laid to rest, and where the fallen oak leaves are crowding in heaps now and almost filling up the low, dark doorway.

The garret has but one window, a small and narrow dormer window, and it is otherwise quite dark. A bottom corner of the door is cut away so that her cat might come and go at will. And this is the saddest, tenderest sight at Mount Vernon. It seemed to me that I could see that noble lady sitting there, looking out upon the tomb of her mighty dead, the great river sweeping fast beyond, her heart full of the memory of a mighty nation's birth—waiting, waiting, waiting. Her work was done. She had lived quite the allotted three score and ten. Her companions were in the tomb, and so she chose this garret, just above the bed in which her immortal husband had died, as a sacred place in which to sit down and cherish her memories and wait with folded hands for the end. And so here, after a year and a half of waiting, the angel of death found her; the hands were folded forever, and the nation mourned for its mother—*Joaquin Miller, at Mount Vernon.*

**"NOBBY"**  
**SPRING STYLE HATS**  
Just Received at  
**H. N. BOLSTER'S,**  
South Paris, Me.

**BAY STATE**  
**PHOSPHATE!**  
WE HAVE RECEIVED A CAR LOAD OF

Bay State Phosphate, and offer it at lowest prices.

Special discounts for CASH bargains, before  
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**N. Dayton Bolster,**  
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## COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.

ROYAL (Absolute Pure).....	100
GRANT'S (Alum Powder).....	100
BUNFORD'S (Phosphate) fresh.....	100
HAYFORD'S, when fresh.....	100
REDFORD'S.....	100
CHARTER (Alum Powder).....	100
AMALOF (Alum Powder).....	100
CLEVELAND'S.....	100
PIONEER (San Francisco).....	100
CZAR.....	100
DR. PRICES.....	100
SNOW FLAKE (Graft, St. Paul).....	100
LEWIS'S.....	100
CONGRESS.....	100
HECKER'S.....	100
GILBERT'S.....	100
HANFORD'S, when not fresh.....	100
ANDREWS & CO. (contains alum).....	100
ALUMINUM.....	100
BULE (Powder sold loose).....	100
BUNFORD'S, when not fresh.....	100

## REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS.

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a fine cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or any other injurious substance."—G. L. LOR, Ph.D.

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure."—H. A. MOTT, Ph.D.

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance. It is a fine cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or any other injurious substance."—G. L. LOR, Ph



# GENERAL NEWS.

Friday afternoon Thomas Samon, the Lacota, N. H. murderer, was sentenced to be hanged April 17th, 1884.

Christian Solbert has been sentenced to three months imprisonment for attempted suicide, at Kingston, N. Y.

Charles Reade, the novelist, died in London April 11th. He was born in Ipsden, Oxfordshire, England, in 1814.

Friday the first crop of grass was cut in the State House yard, Washington. It was just high enough to wave in the breeze.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has extended the franchise in municipal elections to widows and unmarried women.

Six negroes of eleven in a boat were drowned recently by the upsetting of their skiff while crossing the Mississippi River near Vicksburg.

Holmes and Brecken, the Americans charged at Halifax, N. S., with having dynamite in their possession were found guilty and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Saturday morning the body of an unknown woman was found in a bag at the mouth of the Saco river, Biddeford. It had apparently been in the water twenty-four hours.

The Sheriff has issued a capias for the arrest of Clara P. Meeker, in a civil suit brought by Mrs. Wellington G. Griffiths, the wife of Geo. G. Griffiths, to recover \$100,000 damages for the alienation of her husband's affection.

A paper in Minnesota starts out with "Our platform is the abolition of poverty, ignorance, unchastity, drunkenness, injustice, perversion of law, oppression and evil." Its success is looked for with feverish excitement.

James Gould, formerly of Maine, now of California, has had two very lucrative offers, one of \$7,000 a year in a gold mine in Brazil, the other as overseer in the Rothschild gold mine in South Africa, at \$1500 per month.

An aged couple named Fleetwood, living near Raritan, Coles Co. Ill., were found dead in bed, Wednesday morning, with their throats cut. There is no clue to the murderer, and no motive for the crime is known.

It is said that the water power company controlling the Hagerly Lakes as storage reservoirs have so enlarged the outlet that Rangleley Lake can be drawn down five feet below the low water mark, thus laying bare the spawning beds of the famed trout of that section.

The list of miscellaneous expenses of the star route trials transmitted by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Senate aggregates \$39,836. The money was expended mainly for stenographers, detectives and persons engaged in securing the attendance of witnesses.

It is reported from Mechanic Falls that Tuesday night witnessed an affray at Page's Mills. Weekly dances have been held at which some of the boys were present from the village and probably had whiskey was at the bottom of the affray. Several pools of blood on the sidewalk, next morning, told the story.

Marshall Bailey of Bath received this week a photograph and description of Chas. W. Becker, a murderer, who broke jail at Columbia City, Indiana, March 15. He was convicted for murdering his wife. \$300 reward is offered by the sheriff of Columbia City for his arrest.

Thursday night, when the help came from J. O. Wilson & Co's shop, at West Mass., where a strike occurred Wednesday, they were greeted at a large crowd of workmen, and one of the employees, a Frenchman, was knocked down and badly injured. It is stated that the employees in Wilson's shop will all leave.

The Chilean Minister to France, April 10th, received an official dispatch announcing the signature of a treaty of peace between Chile and Bolivia in accordance with which the Bolivian territory occupied by Chile is to remain under Chilean law, and to be returned to Chile and Bolivia is to be free.

Eugene M. Pinkham, who was found at Reel's Plaquemine last winter with both feet so badly frozen that amputation was necessary, has recently returned to his home in North Arlington, Mass. He is a shoemaker by trade, his parents are poor, and he is of weak mind. It is said the expense, which amounts already to \$800, will have to be settled by the State.

The Minister of Justice, at Ottawa, April 10, informed Premier Smith of British Columbia, who is at present in Ottawa, that the bill recently passed by the British Columbia legislature prohibiting the immigration of Chinese to that province was disallowed. In consequence of this action it is expected that a shipload of Chinese will be allowed to land.

No tidings have been received from absconding cashier Hubbard, from Monmouth, Ill. The aggregate of his defalcations is thought to be over \$50,000. Complaints state that Hubbard embezzled money to the amount of \$114,300. It is not yet known whether the bank will resume.

Cook's block, at Athol, Mass., was burned at 1 o'clock, Wednesday morning. Loss, \$20,000; insurance, \$5,000. The lower floor was occupied by the owner, Geo. H. Cook, as a drug store, and two upper stories by thirty-four rooming mostly girls, all of whom escaped with difficulty in their night clothes losing everything.

Antonio Pismo, of New York, 25 years old, has been taken to Bellevue hospital suffering, as it was supposed, from malaria fever. A thorough examination of the case was made. It discovered symptoms of trichinosis. A piece of the muscular tissue of the arm was taken out and put under the microscope, and it was discovered that the fish was swimming with trichinae.

The patient was given and was relieved only by the administration of narcotics. A small portion of the neck that he has been secured and under the microscope shows trichinae.

# WORDS TO WOMEN.

The new spring bonnets are very lovely, but they are also very flimsy. They are of the capote shape, and fit the head closely.

The later styles of hats are rather wild in aspect; for though the brim is narrower, the crown is usually of portentous height. These come in covered straws, and are trimmed with folds of velvet and with velvet fruits and flowers, and sometimes with immensely long ostrich-plumes. The velvet trimmings generally make the color of the straw, some contrasting like being introduced among the flowers or fruits, that adorn the hat.

In jewelry, the lace-pin is going out of fashion, owing to the fact that ruffles and bows of lace are so much less worn than formerly. It is to be replaced by the small round brooch.

Neckties of colored lace or gauze, spotted with shell, are much worn, matching the dress. With a hat, they are tied in a bow under the chin; but with a bonnet, loosely knotted to one side, and fastened with a velvet pin or brooch. Two pieces of tolerably wide edging lace, sewed together, make the requisite width.

There are some few facts which must be borne in mind by those having dresses made up now: The skirt should fall straight and flat in front, either a small tunic or must be worn, or the back-drapery should be sufficiently puffed to give the skirt below the waist a bouffant appearance; all sleeves should be put in high on the shoulders, making the shoulder-seams quite tight, and many persons think not put in full on the top, to stand up above the shoulders—this certainly gives a narrower appearance to a broad chested woman, but is not so becoming to a very thin one; dresses are made quite high about the neck, at the back, to accommodate the hair, which is now worn so generally high. These few hints followed, dresses may be made as fancy dictates; much or little trimmings, of straight-falling or in curved lines, of plain goods, of one or two colors, or of one or two materials, open or closed at the neck—Petersen's.

Cloves red is the new purplish pink color for satin, crape and cashmere dresses.

Collar buttons of old silver, with designs of antique heads, are made to match the coin pins and bracelets now in use.

The legs and backs of many of the handsomest ebony chairs are now adorned with bows of broad, pale-blue or olive green ribbon.

Soft, wide ribbon laces well for ties. It is tied around the throat in a large bow and with very short ends. Just now it seems to have taken the place of gauze or lace.

A new design in satin represents a large gray water upon the black, with delicate half-white flowers, and with the wafers.

Little boys' trousers come just below the knee, their jackets and large waistcoats fall low over these, and all three are of the same color.

Corsages of black satin covered with long jet beads are worn in Paris, making the wearers look as if cased in black diamonds.

While pique collars for ladies are now made in all the shapes that are fashionable for linen collars, but those in the high close garrot shape are preferred; these have square pique cuffs to match.

One of the novelties in millinery is a cork foundation or frame of the bonnet covered over with a thin veneering of wood. New basket straw bonnets are broomed or gilded, and are now made so fine and pliable that they are bent into soft crowns and used as the smallest capotes, with a cockade bow of cogniflet velvet ribbon for trimming.

English women are wearing thick little ruffles of black, white and colored lace round the throat at home, at the theatre, etc. They are made in Chamilly and in imitation lace, in beaded and beaded net, and in blonde, of all light shades, such as pink, blue, sulphur and lilac. It is not obligatory that they should match the dress; on the contrary, it is considered better style to wear a black ruche with a white dress, pink with blue, and white with black. They form a fraise round the throat, but should only be adopted by slender, not those with thick, short necks are so prone to patronize large, flat frills.

Gen. Robert E. Lee had four daughters, two of whom are dead, and the others are living with their brother, who succeeded his father as President of Washington University. Neither of them ever married.

# Duties of School Supervisors or Commissioners.

[A paper read by Chas. F. Whitman, Esq., of Newbury, at the spring meeting of the District County Teachers' Association at Oxford.]

The general duties of those having the charge of the supervision of public schools, are defined by statute and by the highest authority, that of the laws of our State require that "the president, professors, and tutors of colleges, the preceptors and teachers of academies, and all other instructors of youth, in public or private institutions, shall use their best endeavors to impress on the minds of the children and youth committed to their care and instruction, the principles of morality and justice, and a sacred regard for truth, love of country, humanity, and a universal benevolence; sobriety, industry and frugality; chastity, modesty, and temperance; and all other virtues, which are the ornaments of human society; and to lead those under their care, as their ages and capacities admit, into a particular understanding of the tendency of such virtues to preserve and perfect a republican constitution, and promote their future happiness; and the tendency of the opposite vices, to slavery, degradation, and ruin." These are some of the grandest duties of our lawgivers relative to education. They are sadly neglected. In educating our sons and daughters for the duties of life, it is quite as essential as anything that they receive moral instruction. The larger part is no doubt the parents' duty, but this does not excuse the school teacher from his duty. Among all the cherished institutions of our land, there are none more important than our public schools. Let us demand that they be made attractive—that our pupils be taught practically and efficiently and that the moral atmosphere surrounding them be pure and healthy.

The influence for good in a community of excellent schools cannot be too highly valued. When pupils are taught to avoid evil—to be moral and upright—little ladies and gentlemen everywhere, there can be no doubt of their future welfare and the welfare of the community in which they live.

Life then would seem to be what it was designed, an honor and a glory instead of a ruin and a shame.

**A Mother's Heart.**

On a railroad train, just behind a plainly dressed, motherly-looking woman, accompanied by a noisy boy, sat two fashionably dressed ladies. The boy was given to asking all kinds of foolish questions, and occasionally he would whine like a cub bear, and twist himself around and fret.

"If I had him for a few minutes, I'd bluster him till he couldn't stand up!" said one of the ladies.

"Here, then," replied the motherly lady, "you may take hold of him. I haven't the heart to do it."

"Excuse me," faltered the annoyed lady. "I did not think that you could hear my remark."

"Oh, no harm done for I know that he is enough to annoy any man; and it may seem strange to you that I do not slap him, but I can't. Once I had a little boy that I slapped. Every time he would ask foolish questions or whine, I'd slap him. I was determined to bring him up rightly, so that he would play everybody. He was the idol of my life, and I did so much to him that he never forgot me. Everybody said I was a model mother, and that my son would be a great man, and I was even more strict than ever with him."

"One night, just after I put him to bed, company came; and while we were talking, the little fellow awoke and began to cry. I told him to hush; and when I found that he did not intend to obey me, I went to the bed and spanked him. 'That's what I call discipline!' one of the company remarked, 'and I assure you that in after years you will not regret the strict measures you have adopted.'"

"The next morning my little boy was too sick to get up, and all day lay in bed. At night I sent for a physician, but before morning he was dead. I don't think that there was a more miserable woman in the world. I took his little boots—boots which a few days before I whipped him for getting muddy—and I put them on my bureau. I could not bear to live in the same house where both my husband and my little boy had died, and I moved away."

"One evening, while walking along a lonely street, I saw a little, very small boy, standing among a tall weeds. I asked him where he lived, and he plucked a blossom and held it out to me. I asked him where his mother and father was with curious intelligence he replied that some big men took them away in boxes. I knew then that he was a waif and I took him home with me. In the night he cried, 'I got hit, sat by the fire and rooked him.' He was very delicate but he was a light that shone on my withering soul."

"This is the child and he's wearing the little boots that I put on the bureau. You may slap him but I can't."

**THE HOUSEKEEPER.**

Practical housekeepers throughout this country are requested to send in communications to the Housekeeper.

Tipical ground in a coffee mill cooks much more evenly and quickly.

Presumptions. Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of water, boil five minutes, then add a pinch of salt, stir till thick and drop on well buttered paper.

Pea Soup.—One quart split peas soaked in water over night, one pound of pork, two pounds beef bones, four quarts cold water, boil slowly for three hours until reduced one half, strain, season and simmer ten minutes.

We regret to learn that a new and distressing malady has broken out in only a few cases have come to the writer's knowledge, although quite a large number have been seen symptoms of the disease, and it is feared that unless something is done to check its progress, it will become an epidemic. For want of a better name we will call the disease the "drug fever." In many respects it resembles that unpleasant

# evil things often learned at school.

It is all wrong, and yet this does not press it. It is horrible. Our schools ought to be the most attractive places on earth and the purest and best.

The laws of our State require that "the president, professors, and tutors of colleges, the preceptors and teachers of academies, and all other instructors of youth, in public or private institutions, shall use their best endeavors to impress on the minds of the children and youth committed to their care and instruction, the principles of morality and justice, and a sacred regard for truth, love of country, humanity, and a universal benevolence; sobriety, industry and frugality; chastity, modesty, and temperance; and all other virtues, which are the ornaments of human society; and to lead those under their care, as their ages and capacities admit, into a particular understanding of the tendency of such virtues to preserve and perfect a republican constitution, and promote their future happiness; and the tendency of the opposite vices, to slavery, degradation, and ruin." These are some of the grandest duties of our lawgivers relative to education. They are sadly neglected. In educating our sons and daughters for the duties of life, it is quite as essential as anything that they receive moral instruction. The larger part is no doubt the parents' duty, but this does not excuse the school teacher from his duty. Among all the cherished institutions of our land, there are none more important than our public schools. Let us demand that they be made attractive—that our pupils be taught practically and efficiently and that the moral atmosphere surrounding them be pure and healthy.

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# and dangerous malady known as "house cleaning fever."

Like the latter, it attacks the female sex only. The "drug fever" does not, like the house cleaning fever, attack the patient at regular intervals, fall and spring, but it is liable to show itself at any time. The disease seems to be a sort of mania or disease of the brain.

In the earliest stages of the disease the victim exhibits an unnatural fondness for old rags, especially those of bright colors. She will wander about the house for hours, gathering up all the old rags she can find, sorting and re-sorting them, tearing or cutting them into narrow strips and piling them into little heaps about the house. At this stage of the disease the male members of the family will be obliged to look out for their clothing, or it will, if not already ragged, be made rags of in short order.

As the disease progresses some violent symptoms present themselves. The unhappy victim will hunt up all the articles of clothing containing bright colors, will borrow or beg all she can of her neighbors, turn her once neat and attractive home into a disordered, dirty place, more like a junk store than a dwelling. Next an old piece of coarse canvas is procured, covered with mysterious hieroglyphics, unknown animals and unlearned flowers. This is stretched on a frame and attacked with hooks and shears, and the rags are all drawn into the canvass in all manner of curious shapes and forms. At this stage of the disease the patient refuses all nourishment and soon becomes exhausted. Soon the mania subsides and the patient rapidly recovers. At the present time no successful method of treatment has been discovered, although an immortal fame awaits him who will find a preventative or cure for this disease. —Canton Telephone.

**Martha Washington's Garret.**

In an account of a visit to Mt. Vernon Joaquin Miller says: Let me now heregar complain of having to live in a garret alone and without a fire. For here, with all this spacious and noble house to select from, the widow of Washington chose a garret looking to the south and out upon his tomb. This is the old tomb where he was first laid to rest, and where the fallen oak leaves are crowding in heaps now and almost filling up the low, dark doorway.

The garret has but one window, a small and narrow dormer window, and it is otherwise quite dark. A bottom corner of the door is cut away so that her night come and go at will.

And this is the saddest, tenderest sight at Mount Vernon. It seemed to me that I could see that noble lady sitting here, looking out upon the tomb of her mighty dead, the great river sweeping fast beyond, her heart full of the memory of a mighty nation's birth—waiting, waiting, waiting. Her work was done. She had lived quite the allotted three score and ten. Her companions were in the tomb, and so she chose this garret, just above the bed in which her immortal husband had died, as a sacred place in which to sit down and cherish her memories and wait with folded hands for the end. And so here, after a year and a half of waiting, the angel of death found her; the hands were folded forever, and the nation mourned for its mother—Joaquin Miller, at Mount Vernon.

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# COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.

**ROYAL** (Absolutely Pure).....

**GRANT'S** (Alum Powder).....

**HANFORD'S** (Phosphate) fresh.....

**REDEARS**.....

**CHARL** (Alum Powder).....

**AMAZON** (Alum Powder).....

**CELESTIAL'S**.....

**PIONEER** (San Francisco).....

**CEAR**.....

**DE PRICES**.....

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**ANDREWS & CO.** (contains alum, (Ottawa) "Legal," "S."

**BULK** (Powder sold loose).....

**HUMFORD'S**, when not fresh.....

**REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS**

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of phosphate, or other injurious substances."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure."

"H. A. Mott, Ph.D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of phosphate, or other injurious substances."

"H. A. Mott, Ph.D."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome."

"S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, and at State Fair throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above Diagram illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Redford. A cup of each of these powders was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for work by Prof. Redford only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that while it costs a few cents per pound more than other powders, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be regarded as dangerous.

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